

# The KENTISH Garland.



**G**OOD people now I pray give ear,  
 And also true attention.  
 Unto these lines, which you shall hear,  
 And words which I shall mention.  
 Within this book as I shall write,  
 As true it is reported,  
 How a young squire ruin'd quite  
 A damsel whom he courted.  
 She was his father's servant-maid,  
 And daughter to a brazier;  
 He often would her heart invade,  
 At every turn and leisure.  
 With all the argument of love,  
 Which passion might discover,  
 Forgetting to the powers above,  
 How dearly he did love her.  
 With modest blushes she reply'd,  
 Sir, pray stop your proceeding,  
 For I am no ways qualify'd,  
 Neither for birth nor breeding.  
 You can have choice of ladies,  
 From noble loins descended,  
 Therefore let me alone I pray,  
 Your friends will be offended.  
 Well met, the jewel of my heart,  
 Fear not my friends displeasure;  
 Let who will frown I'll take thy part.  
 And love thee out of measure.  
 No one that's born of noble blood  
 Doth stand within my favour.  
 I honour thee, with what is good,  
 For you I love for ever,  
 With modest blushes she reply'd,  
 Sir, stop those fond pretences,  
 For if your friends should it know,  
 Then they would be offended.  
 Discourse to me of love no more,  
 But strive to please your parents,  
 I'd rather wed with one that's poor,  
 Than wed to live at variance.  
 Farewel the jewel of my heart,  
 Fear not my friends displeasure;  
 Let who will frown, I'll take thy part,  
 I'll love thee out of measure.  
 Therefore cheer up, my lovely dear,  
 If parents they should slight me,  
 Till I my breath and life resign,  
 Dear jewel I will right thee.

Kind sir, you promise more to me,  
 Than can be now expected;  
 While you possess such riches store,  
 Then love may be perfected;  
 But if your parents should now stand  
 Against you with denial,  
 To dishonour you of all.  
 Then there will come the trial,  
 That is the work which they can do,  
 Let them use their pleasure:  
 I must be loyal, just and true,  
 And love thee out of measure.  
 If they would wrong their darling son,  
 For such a poor transgression,  
 Then let them go, when that is done  
 I have a large possession,  
 The which was left to me of late,  
 'Twas by a near relation.  
 Let father frown, and mother bane,  
 I'm in a happy station:  
 Therefore cheer up my dearest dear,  
 If parents should disdain us.  
 I hope two thousand pounds a year,  
 Will modestly maintain us.  
 These arguments and many more  
 He used to obtain her.  
 She gave consent to wed, wherefore  
 There's none alive can blame her.  
 For she was made his lawful wife,  
 By their portessed marriage,  
 But soon she lost her precious life,  
 By his ungrateful carriage.  
 Unknown to friends and parents dear,  
 This couple they were wedded,  
 And in the space of half a year  
 After they both were bedded,  
 It seem'd she proved young with child,  
 Her looks began to show it,  
 Until his friends were reconcil'd.  
 He would not let them know it,  
 But up to famous London-town,  
 Immediately he brought her,  
 And to behave with modesty  
 And decency he taught her.  
 Much like a youthful lady gay,  
 She seem'd, all in her beauty;  
 And while he with her there did stay,  
 He shew'd a husband's duty.

As they were charm'd with mutual love,  
Which for a season lasted;  
At length they heard a dismal noise,  
Which all their pleasure blasted,  
His parents come to understand,  
By private Information,  
That he had lodgings in the Strand,  
And fill'd with recreation.  
They sent a letter full of wrath,  
And threaten'd her with ruin;

Which she receiv'd, whilst she stood by,

And at the same stood viewing.

Tears from his eyes did flow again,

She asked him the reason:

Said he, my friends do me disdain.

They both wept for a season.

She read those lines as well as he,

And found them harsh and cruel:

Said she, my dear be kind to me,

Be kind my dearest jewel.

Let me not suffer for thy sake.

Consider my condition.

For if you don't, my heart will break.

It was not my Ambition

To be a lady, well you know,

'Twas long e'er I comforted.

Why do they seem so threaten'd to?

I strove for to prevent it.

But now I am your lawful wife,

Which you was pleas'd to make me;

Your smiles perhaps may save my life,

I die if you forsake me.

He took her by the hand, and said,

My dear, my joy and sweetening,

Within my lodgings pray abide,

Till our next happy meeting.

With kisses sweet and solemn vows

They from each other parted.

But grief appeared on her brows,

For she was broken-hearted.

He promised to take her part,

And certainly excuse her,

To father, nay, and mother too:

That they might not abuse her:

To make the matter fair and clear,

And in all cases clear her.

He went, but ne'er return'd again,

And never more came near her.

But when she came unto the town,

They told her he was marry'd,

To a young lady of renown,

With grief she then miscarried:

But when his parents came to find,

That she was with their neighbour,

To whom she did her confidence clear,

Within the time of labour,

They threaten'd her with banishment,

For tricking of the squire.

But fatal death did them prevent,

For she did soon expire.

But some minutes before she died,

In words and neighbours hearing

She wrung her hands, and weeping said,

What is there no appearing?

Will you not come near me then?

Oh! husband most false-hearted.

With just revenge I'll haunt you when

My wronged soul's departed;

Accordingly as she had said,

within three nights after,

Come to the room where he laid

The wronged brazier's daughter.

When in the midst of their joy,

To their amazing wonder,

The room was fill'd with dreadful noise

Like roaring claps of thunder.

To crown the stately marriage bed,

They saw a flash of fire,

And heard a dismal voice that said,

Oh! most ungrateful squire.

The lady that lies by your side,

She shall not long enjoy you,

It was I that was your lawful bride;

Just vengeance must destroy you:

Within her arms like ice or clay,

The spirit did unfold him:

By force she took him quite away,

His lady could not hold him.

She shriek'd and cry'd, but all in vain;

For then the spirit gave him

That very night his fatal bane.

There's none alive could save him:

The lady then rose up with speed,

At this sad consternation,

Where on his breast they plain did read

These words of lamentation.

In perfect roman letters blue,

This wretch was my undoing,

He being false, has brought me to

My death and utter ruin.

For making me his lawful wife,

The deed he then to smother,

And for the cur'd golden prize

He married with another.

His faithless tongue seduc'd my soul,

And easily deceived me,

His perjur'd words pierced my heart,

And of my life bereav'd me,

Leaving his wife and child to me,

A sacrifice together.

He makes a third that caused me

So now farewell together

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